Erin Pittman & Madisen Clabough

Grade Level: 2nd

**State Standard:**

Science- GLE 0207.5.2 Draw conclusions from fossils about organisms that lived in the past.

**CCSS:**

[CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.2.4](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/RL/2/4/) Describe how words and phrases (e.g., regular beats, alliteration, rhymes, repeated lines) supply rhythm and meaning in a story, poem, or song.

**Book Selection:**

Skippyjon Jones and the Big Bones by Judy Schachner

**Script:**

Madisen- Skippyjon Jones and the Big Bones by Judy Schachner

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Erin- Skippyjon Jones was crazy about digging in Mrs. Dolly Doohiggy’s garden.

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Madisen- Because that’s where Mrs. Dolly Doohiggy’s dog, Darwin, buried all of his bones. And nobody messed with Darwin. Two yards away, Mama Junebug Jones was hanging wash when her kitty boy blew through the sheets like a muddy wind. “Hey, Pickle Pants!” hollered Mama. “Don’t run with your mouth full.” But Pickle Pants only had one thing on his mind…

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Erin-…dinorsuars. “I’m going to be a famous paleontologist!” whispered Skippyjon Jones, arriving at his room. Then he popped a pickle in his puss. He slapped some glue over his newfound bone and stuck it onto his model. “And you are my Skipposaurus!” he added out loud. “Skipposaurus!” Declared Mama Junebug Jones, coming into his room. “Those bones belong to Darwin, and you better take them back, for your prehistoric fossil is that snoozing doggy’s snack! And do it now,” ordered Mama, “before he wakes ups.”

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Madisen- But the kitty boy had no intention of returning Darwin’s bone before he bounced on his big-boy bed. First he pounced and wiggled. Then he bounced and giggled. All the way up to the ceiling he chanted: “Oh, I’m Skippyjon Jones, and I bounce on my bed, Cuz I love to eat pickles that tickle my head.” The he flung himself over to the mirror for a head check.

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Erin – “Holy hairballs!” exclaimed Skippyjon Jones, pulling out his tape measure. “That’s one huge cabeza!” Then, using his very best Spanish accent, he added, “My ears are too beeg for my head, and my head won’t fit into my bed. I know I’m not a Siamese cat…I am a Chihuahua!” And quicker than you can say “chunky Chihuahuas ‘n cream,” the kitty boy picked up his cape and pulled on his mask. Then he bgan to sing in a muy soft voice: “Oh, my name is Skippito Friskito (clap-clap), and I want for the dinosaur-ito (clap-clap), with gigantico ears that’s been buried for years under layers of sediment-ito”. (clap-clap).

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Madisen – At the same time, the kitty boy’s sisters, Ju-Ju Bee, Jezebel, ad Jilly Boo Jones, were in Mrs. Doohiggy’s yard watching Darwin sleep. “This is fun,” said Jezebel. “Lotsa fun,” agreed Jilly Boo. “The moistest fun,” added Ju-Ju Bee. But Skippyjon wasn’t Darwin. He was thinking dinosaurs. And he knew where to find them: deep within his closet.

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Erin – “Whoa!” said Skippito. “ It’s a jungle in here.” But as soon as he stepped over the threshold, his snifferito picked up the scent of his old amigos, Los Chimichangos. “Stinkitos!” called out Skippyjon Jones. “I smell you but I don’t see you. It is I, El Skippito Freskito, the great sword fighter.” Up her, Skippito,” hollered the Chihuahuas. “We are toasting los marshmallositos prehistoricos.” “Not the prehistoric marshmallows!” exclaimed Skippito. “Si, dude,” replied the doggies, “but they are as hard as rocas.”

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Madisen- “That’s because they are fossilitos,” said Skippito. “Fossilitos, schmossilitos,” declared Poquito Tito, the smallest of the small ones. “We want to see los dinosaurios with our own ojos,” he said, pointing to his eyes. “Por que?” asked Skippito. “Because, Bohocito,” said Don Diego, the biggest of the small ones, “we hear they are really, really beeg, dude!” This news made the Chihuahuas go insane-o around the rim of the volcano, singing. “Ding-a-ling, ding-a-long, ding-a-lito (clap-clap) You are such a silly Skippito. (clap-clap) You know what dogs think: if it’s good it must stink! Plus it’s great for the old snifferito!” (clap-clap)

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Erin- But right in the middle of their romp, Mount Itchee Gitchee Gumba blew its top, tossing the doggies right on their rumpitos. But a bump on the rump would become the least of their worries…because BOOM BOOM (boom boom) boom boom… the earth began to tremble and shake. “Terremoto!” shouted Poquito Tito, panic-stricken. “It’s not an earth quake-ito,” said Skippito, perking through the bushes. “It’s a T. Mexito!”

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Madisen- And he wasn’t the only dinosaurio. There were big ones and small ones, feathered and bald ones. Some were spiky and frilled (with a look that could kill). And they were all doing the very same thing: they were dancing.

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Erin- “Ay, Caramba! It’s the rumba!” cheered the chimichangos. And before Skippito could warn them, the rascalitos had shimmied and shook their way into the dance line. “This is loco!” wailed Skippito. “You will be crushed like crispitos beneath the dinos’ toes-titos!” But the pupitos did not hear. They were too busy singing:”Itchee Gitchee Gumbad! Dinos do the rumba With jumba jaws And giant claws, with horms and beaks. Itchee Gitchee Gumba! Chimichangos do the rumba wish great big hearts and tiny parts, with knobby knees and lots of fleas. Itchee Gitchee Gumba!”

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Madisen- But something had to be done to save them. And quicker than you can say *Pachycephalosaurus,* Skippito let out a … big Jurassic-o bark! RRRRRRRRRRRRUFFFFFFFFFF! “Holy Haitosis!” roared the T. Mexito. “I smell the pickle breath of a Skipposaurusito!”

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Erin – “I am not a Skipposaurus!” declared Skippito, whipping off his mask. “I’m a Chihuahua!” “Not the pillow-fighting, ankle-biting, pickle-dripping, dino-tripping Chihuahua they call El Skippito Friskito, the Great Sword Fighter?” shrieked the T. Mexito. “Oh, si that is me,” said Skippito with a bow. Then, quicker than you can say “Don Diego’s Dominoes, “ every dinosaurio stopped, dropped, and rolled far away. “Where’s the fuego, dudes?” asked Poquito Tito. “There’s no fire,” said Skippito. “They’re just going extincto.”

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Madisen – “Muy bueno, Skippito! We love the stinkito!” agreed the Chihuashuas. And they tossed him into the air. “Diggeree Diggeroo diggerito! (clap-clap) We learned something new from Skippito! (clap-clap) He scares them to death with his old pickle breath, and that’s how we get fossilitos!” (clap-clap) Then all of the sudden BOOM BOOM (boom boom) boo boom. The earth began to tremble and shake. Every head popped up and sniffed. “Dinosaurios,” whispered the perritos. “No,” said Skippito. “They are extincto.” “Si,” said the Chihuahuas. “Es muy stinkito.” But it wasn’t the dinosaurios that smelled…

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Erin-…it was Darwin, and he was knock knock knockin’ on Skippy’s closet door. Then, click. The door opened and out tumbled the kitty boy on an avalanche of old dog bones. The next thing he knew, the kitty boy was waking up on the couch. “What happened?” asked Skippyjon. “Don’t you remember, Sugar Beet?” asked Mama Junebug Jones. “You decided to return Darwin’s dog bones.” “All of them?” asked Skippy. “That’s right, dumplin’,” said Mama, proudly.

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Madisen- That very same night, the kitty boy found Mr. Purrfect still sitting in the corner all covered in bones. “My Skipposaurus,” he whispered. Then he dragged the cat oer to his big-boy bed for a good-night bounce. “Oh, I’m Skippjon Jones, and I’m not a dog fighter, But I still have some bones ‘Cuz I’m the decider,”

THE END!